THE ROMAN FATHER, A TRAGEDY.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

THE

ROMAN MATRON,

A

TRAGEDY.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

643. h. 6.
8

THE

ROMAN FATHER,

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. *W. WHITEHEAD.*

——— *Utcunque ferent ea facta Minores,*
Vincet Amor Patriæ, Laudumque immenſa Cupido! VIRG.

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully*'s-head, *Pall-mall*;
and ſold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noſter-Row.*

MDCCL.

THE

ROMAN FATHER,

A

TRAGEDY.

TO

The HONOURABLE

THOMAS VILLIERS,

One of the LORDS COMMISSIONERS for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of *Great Britain*,

The following TRAGEDY is inſcribed by

His moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient

humble Servant,

W. WHITEHEAD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Think it neceſſary to acquaint the Public, that I ſhould never have thought of writing a Play on the following Subject, if I had not firſt read the juſtly celebrated *Horace* of Mr. *Corneille*, and admired his Management of ſome Parts of the Story. They will find me tracing him very cloſely (with ſome few Alterations) in the latter End of the Third Act, and in the Beginning of the Fourth. In the other Acts I am hardly conſcious to myſelf of having borrowed even a Thought from him; tho' I might have been proud to have tranſlated whole Scenes, if my Plan and Characters would have admitted of it.

I muſt beg leave to add, that I was induced, for the Sake of the Action, to put ſeveral Speeches at the latter End of the Play into the Mouth of *Publius*, which more properly belong to the Father. The Reader will accordingly find them reſtored here to their firſt Situation.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BARRY.

BRITONS, *To-night in native Pomp we come,*
True Heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome;
In thoſe far diſtant Times when Romans *knew*
The Sweets of guarded Liberty, like You;
And, ſafe from Ills which Force or Faction brings,
Saw Freedom reign beneath the Smile of Kings.
Yet from ſuch Times, and ſuch plain Chiefs as theſe,
What can we frame a poliſh'd Age to pleaſe?
Say, can you liſten to the artleſs Woes
Of an old Tale, which every School-boy knows?
Where to your Hearts alone the Scenes apply,
No Merit their's but pure Simplicity.
Our Bard has play'd a moſt adventurous Part,
And turn'd upon himſelf the Critic's Art:
Stripp'd each luxuriant Plume from Fancy's Wings,
And torn up Similies like vulgar Things.
Nay even each Moral, Sentimental, *Stroke,*
Where not the Character but Poet ſpoke,
He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaſte Deſign;
Nor ſpar'd an uſeleſs tho' a golden Line.
Theſe are his Arts; if theſe cannot atone
For all thoſe nameleſs Errors yet unknown,
If ſhunning Faults which nobler Bards commit,
He wants their Force to ſtrike th' attentive Pit,
Be juſt and tell him ſo; he aſks Advice,
Willing to learn, and would not aſk it twice.
Your kind Applauſe may bid him write——beware!
Or kinder Cenſure teach him to forbear.

Perſons

PROLOGUE.

PERSONS Represented.

MEN.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS,	King of *Rome*,	Mr. *Sowdon.*
HORATIUS,	A *Roman* Senator,	Mr. *Garrick.*
PUBLIUS HORATIUS,	His Son,	Mr. *Barry.*
VALERIUS,	A young *Patrician*,	Mr. *King.*

WOMEN.

HORATIA,	Daughter to HORATIUS,	Mrs *Pritchard*
VALERIA,	Sister to VALERIUS,	Mrs. *Ward.*

Citizens, Guards, and Attendants.

The Music composed by Dr. BOYCE.

The vocal Parts performed
By Mr. BEARD, Miss NORRIS, Miss COLE, &c.

SCENE *Rome.*

THE ROMAN FATHER, A TRAGEDY.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

A Room in HORATIUS's *House.*

A Soldier croſſes the Stage, HORATIA *following.*

HORATIA.

STAY Soldier.—As you parted from my Father,
Something I overheard of near Concern,
But all imperfectly. Said you not *Alba*
Was on the Brink of Fate, and *Rome* determin'd
This Day to cruſh her haughty Rival's Power,
Or periſh in th' Attempt?

SOLDIER.

'Twas ſo reſolv'd
This Morning, Lady, ere I left the Camp.
Our Heroes are tir'd out with ling'ring War,
And half-unmeaning Fights.

HORATIA.

Alas! I hop'd
The kind Remorſe which touch'd the kindred States,
And made their Swords fall lightly on the Breaſts
Of Foes they could not hate, might have produc'd
A milder Reſolution!——Then this Day
Is fix'd for Death or Conqueſt?—— *[He bows.*
——To me Death
Whoever conquers!——I detain you Sir;
Commend me to my Brothers, ſay, I wiſh——
But wherefore ſhould I wiſh; the Gods will crown
Their Virtues with the juſt Succeſs they merit.
——Yet let me aſk you, Sir——

SOLDIER.

My Duty, Lady,
Commands me hence; ere this they have engag'd;
And Conqueſt's ſelf would loſe its Charms to me,
Should I not ſhare the Danger.

As the Soldier goes out, enter VALERIA.

VALERIA. [*looking firſt on the Soldier and then on* HORATIA]
My dear HORATIA, wherefore wilt thou court
The Means to be unhappy, ſtill enquiring
Still to be more undone? I heard it too;
And flew to find thee, ere the fatal News
Had hurt thy quiet, that thou might'ſt have learnt it
From a Friend's Tongue, and dreſs'd in gentler Terms.

HORATIA.

O I am loſt, VALERIA, loſt to Virtue.
Ev'n while my Country's Fate, the Fate of *Rome*,
Hangs on the Conqueror's ſword, this Breaſt can feel
A ſofter Paſſion, and divide its Cares.
Alba to me is *Rome*. Would'ſt thou believe it,
I would have ſent by him thou ſaw'ſt departing

Kind Wiſhes to my Brothers, but my Tongue
Denied its Office, and this Rebel Heart
Ev'n dreaded their Succeſs. O CURIATIUS,
Why art thou there, or why an Enemy!

VALERIA.

Forbear this ſelf-reproach, he is thy Huſband,
And who can blame thy Fears? if Fortune make him
Awhile thy Country's Foe, ſhe cannot cancel
Vows regiſter'd above. What though the Prieſt
Had not confirm'd it at the ſacred Altar;
Yet were your Hearts united, and that Union
Approv'd by each conſenting Parent's Choice.
Your Brothers lov'd him as a Friend, a Brother;
And all the Ties of Kindred pleaded for him;
And ſtill muſt plead, whate'er our Heroes teach us
Of Patriot-ſtrength: Our Country may demand
We ſhould be wretched, and we muſt obey;
But never can require us not to feel
That we are miſerable, Nature there
Will give the Lie to Virtue.

HORATIA.

True; yet ſure
A *Roman* Virgin ſhould be more than Woman.
Are we not early taught to mock at Pain,
And look on Danger with undaunted Eyes?
But what are Dangers? what the ghaſtlieſt Form
Of Death itſelf?——O were I only bid
To ruſh into the *Tiber's* foaming Wave
Swollen with uncommon Floods, or from the Height
Of yon *Tarpeian* Rock, whoſe giddy Steep
Has turn'd me pale with Horror at the Sight,
I'd think the Taſk were nothing; but to bear

Theſe ſtrange Viciſſitudes of torturing Pain,
To fear, to doubt, and to deſpair as I do?—

VALERIA.

And why deſpair? have we ſo idly learned
The nobleſt Leſſons of our Infant Days,
Our Truſt above? Does there not ſtill remain
The Wretch's laſt Retreat, the Gods, HORATIA?
'Tis from their awful Wills our Evils ſpring,
And at their Altars may we find Relief.
Say, ſhall we thither?—look not thus dejected,
But anſwer me. A Confidence in them,
Even in this Criſis of thy Fate, will calm
Thy troubled Soul, and fill thy Breaſt with Hope.

HORATIA.

Talk not of Hope; the Wretch on yonder Plain
Who hears the Victor's Threats, and ſees his Sword
Impending o'er him, feels no ſurer Fate,
Tho' leſs delay'd than mine.—What ſhou'd I hope?
That *Alba* conquer?—Curſt be every Thought
Which looks that Way, the Shrieks of captive Matrons
Sound in my Ears!——

VALERIA.

Forbear, forbear, HORATIA;
Nor fright me with the Thought. *Rome* cannot fall.
Think of the glorious Battles ſhe has fought;
Has ſhe once fail'd, tho' oft expos'd to Danger;
And has not her immortal Founder promis'd
That ſhe ſhould riſe the Miſtreſs of the World?

HORATIA.

And if *Rome* conquers, then HORATIA dies.

VALERIA.

Why wilt thou form vain Images of Horror,
Induſtrious to be wretched? Is it then

Become

Become impoſſible that *Rome* ſhould triumph,
And CURIATIUS live? He muſt, he ſhall;
Protecting Gods ſhall ſpread their Shields around him,
And Love ſhall combat in HORATIA's Cauſe.

HORATIA.

Think'ſt thou ſo meanly of him?— No, VALERIA,
His Soul's too great to give me ſuch a Trial;
Or could it ever come, I think, myſelf,
Thus loſt in Love, thus abject as I am,
I ſhould deſpiſe the Slave who dar'd ſurvive
His Country's Ruin. Ye immortal Powers!
I love his Fame too well, his ſpotleſs Honour,
At leaſt I hope I do, to wiſh him mine
On any Terms which he muſt bluſh to own.
—What means that Shout?— might we not aſk,
VALERIA?
Didſt thou not wiſh me to the Temple?—Come,
I will attend thee thither; the kind Gods
Perhaps may eaſe this throbbing Heart, and ſpread
At leaſt a temporary Calm within.

VALERIA.

Alas, HORATIA, 'tis not to the Temple
That thou would'ſt fly; the Shout alone alarms thee.
But do not thus anticipate thy Fate;
Why ſhould'ſt thou learn each Chance of varying War,
Which takes a thouſand Turns, and ſhifts the Scene
From Bad to Good, as Fortune ſmiles or frowns?
Stay but an Hour perhaps, and thou ſhalt know
The whole at once.—I'll ſend—I'll fly myſelf
To eaſe thy Doubts, and bring thee News of Joy.

HORATIA.

Again, and nearer too—I muſt attend thee.

VALERIA.

Hark! 'tis thy Father's Voice, he comes to cheer thee.

Enter HORATIUS, *and* VALERIUS.

HORATIUS. [*entering*]

News from the Camp my Child!— [*ſeeing* VALERIA]

Save you, ſweet Maid!

Your Brother brings the Tidings, for alas
I am no Warrior now; my uſeleſs Age
Far from the Paths of Honour loiters here
In ſluggiſh Inactivity at home.
Yet I remember——

HORATIA.

You'll forgive us, Sir,
If with Impatience we expect the Tidings.

HORATIUS.

I had forgot; the Thoughts of what I was
Engroſs'd my whole Attention.—Pray, young Soldier,
Relate it for me; you beheld the Scene,
And can report it juſtly.

VALERIUS.

Gentle Lady,
The Scene was piteous, tho' its end be Peace.

HORATIA.

Peace? O my flutt'ring Heart! by what kind Means?

VALERIUS.

'Twere tedious, Lady, and unneceſſary
To paint the Diſpoſition of the Field;
Suffice it we were arm'd, and Front to Front
The adverſe Legions heard the Trumpet's Sound:
But vain was the Alarm, for motionleſs
And wrapt in Thought they ſtood, the kindred Ranks
Had caught each others Eyes, nor dar'd to lift
The fault'ring Spear againſt the Breaſt they lov'd.

Again

Again th' Alarm was given, and now they ſeem'd
Preparing to engage, when once again
They hung their drooping Heads, and inward mourn'd.
Then nearer drew, and at the third Alarm
Caſting their Swords and uſeleſs Shields aſide
Ruſh'd to each others Arms.

HORATIUS.

'Twas ſo, juſt ſo;
(Tho' I was then a Child, yet I have heard
My Mother weeping oft relate the Story)
Soft Pity touch'd the Breaſts of mighty Chiefs
Romans and *Sabines*, when the Matrons ruſh'd
Between their meeting Armies, and oppos'd
Their helpleſs Infants, and their heaving Breaſts
To their advancing Swords, and bade them there
Sheath all their Vengeance.—But I interrupt you,—
Proceed, VALERIUS, they would hear th' Event.
—And yet methinks the *Albans*—pray go on.

VALERIUS.

Our King HOSTILIUS from a riſing Mound
Beheld the tender Interview, and join'd.
His friendly Tears with theirs; then ſwift advanc'd
Ev'n to the thickeſt Preſs, and cried, My Friends,
If thus we love, why are we Enemies?
Shall ſtern Ambition, Rivalſhip of Power,
Subdue the ſoft Humanity within us? —
Are we not join'd by every Tie of Kindred,
And can we find no Method to compoſe
Theſe Jars of Honour, theſe nice Principles
Of Virtue, which infeſt the noble Mind?

HORATIA.

There ſpoke his Country's Father! this tranſcends
The Flight of Earth-born Kings, whoſe low Ambition

But tends to lay the Face of Nature waſte,
And blaſt Creation!—how was it receiv'd?

VALERIUS.

As he himſelf could wiſh, with eager Tranſport.
In ſhort, the *Roman* and the *Alban* Chiefs
In Council have determin'd, that ſince Glory
Muſt have her Victims, and each rival State
Aſpiring to Dominion ſcorns to yield,
From either Army ſhall be choſe three Champions
To fight the Cauſe alone, and whate'er State
Shall prove ſuperior, there acknowledg'd Power
Shall fix th' imperial Seat, and both unite
Beneath one common Head.

HORATIA.

Kind Heaven, I thank thee!
Bleſt be the friendly Grief that touch'd their Souls!
Bleſt be HOSTILIUS for the generous Counſel!
Bleſt be the meeting Chiefs! and bleſt the Tongue,
Which brings the gentle Tidings!

VALERIA,

Now, HORATIA,
Your idle Fears are o'er.

HORATIA.

Yet one remains:
Who are the Champions, are they yet elected?
Has *Rome*—

VALERIUS.

—The *Roman* Chiefs now meet in Council,
And aſk the Preſence of the Sage HORATIUS.

HORATIUS. [*after having ſeem'd ſome time in Thought*]
Yet ſtill methinks, I like not this, to truſt

The *Roman* Cauſe to ſuch a ſlender Hazard—,
Three Combatants!——'tis dangerous——

HORATIA. [*in a Fright*]

My Father!

HORATIUS.

I might perhaps prevent it——

HORATIA.

Do not, Sir,
Oppoſe the kind Decree.

VALERIUS.

Reſt ſatisfied,
Sweet Lady, 'tis ſo ſolemnly agreed to,
Not even HORATIUS's Advice can ſhake it.

HORATIUS.

And yet 'twere well to end theſe civil Broils:
The neighb'ring States might take Advantage of them.
——Would I were young again! how glorious
Were Death in ſuch a Cauſe!—and yet, who knows,
Some of my Boys may be ſelected for it—
Perhaps may conquer—grant me that, kind Gods,
And cloſe my Eyes in Tranſport!—Come, VALERIUS,
I'll but diſpatch ſome neceſſary Orders,
And ſtrait attend thee.——Daughter, if thou loveſt
Thy Brothers, let thy Prayers be pour'd to Heaven,
That one at leaſt may ſhare the glorious Taſk!

[*Exit.*

VALERIUS.

Rome cannot truſt her Cauſe to worthier Hands.
They bade me greet you, Lady; [*To* HORATIA]
Well, VALERIA,
This is your Home I find; your lovely Friend
And you, I doubt not, have indulg'd ſtrange Fears,
And run o'er all the horrid Scenes of War.

VALERIA:

VALERIA.

Tho' we are Women, Brother, we are *Romans*,
Not to be ſcared with Shadows, tho' not Proof
'Gainſt all Alarms, when real Danger threatens.

HORATIA. [*with ſome Heſitation.*]

My Brothers, gentle Sir, you ſaid were well,
Saw you their noble Friends the CURIATII?
The Truce perhaps permitted it.

VALERIUS.

Yes, Lady,
I left them jocund in your Brothers Tent,
Like Friends, whom envious Storms a-while had parted,
Joying to meet again.

HORATIA.

Sent they no Meſſage?

VALERIUS.

None, Fair-one, but ſuch general Salutations,
As Friends would bring unbid.

HORATIA.

Said CAIUS nothing?

VALERIUS.

CAIUS?

HORATIA.

Ay, CAIUS,—did he mention me?

VALERIUS.

'Twas ſlightly, if he did, and 'ſcapes me now——
O yes, I do remember, when your Brother
Aſk'd him in Jeſt, if he had ought to ſend,
A Sigh's ſoft Waftage, or the tender Token
Of Treſſes breeded to fantaſtic Forms
To ſooth a love-ſick Maid, (your Pardon, Lady,)
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, Glory's the Soldier's Miſtreſs.

Ho-

HORATIA.

Sir, you'll excuſe me—ſomething of Importance—
My Father may have Buſineſs—O VALERIA [*Aſide to* VALERIA.
Talk to thy Brother, know the fatal Truth
I dread to hear, and let me learn to die,
If CURIATIUS has indeed forgot me. [*Exit.*

VALERIUS.

She ſeems diſorder'd!

VALERIA.

Has ſhe not juſt Cauſe?
Can you adminiſter the baneful Potion,
And wonder at th' Effect?

VALERIUS.

You talk in Riddles!

VALERIA.

They're Riddles, Brother, which your Heart unfolds,
Tho' you affect Surprize. Was CURIATIUS
Indeed ſo cold? poor, ſhallow Artifice,
The Trick of hopeleſs Love! I ſaw it plainly.
Yet what could you propoſe? An Hour's Uneaſineſs
To poor HORATIA; for be ſure by that Time
She ſees him, and your deep-wrought Schemes are Air.

VALERIUS.

What could I do? this Peace has ruin'd me;
While War continued, I had Gleams of Hope,
Some lucky Chance might rid me of my Rival,
And Time efface his Image in her Breaſt.
But now—

VALERIA.

Yes, now you muſt reſolve to follow
Th' Advice I gave you firſt, and root this Paſſion
Entirely from your Heart; for know ſhe doats,
Ev'n to Diſtraction doats on CURIATIUS;

And

And every Fear ſhe felt, while Danger threaten'd,
Will now endear him more.

VALERIUS.

Cruel VALERIA,
You triumph in my Pain!

VALERIA.

By Heaven I do not,
I only would extirpate every Thought
Which gives you Pain, nor leave one fooliſh Wiſh
For Hope to dally with. When Friends are mad,
'Tis moſt unkind to humour their Diſtraction;
Harſh Means are neceſſary.

VALERIUS.

Yet we firſt
Should try the gentler.

VALERIA.

Did I not? ye Powers!
Did I not ſooth your Griefs, indulge your Fondneſs,
While the leaſt Proſpect of Succeſs remain'd?
Did I not preſs you ſtill to urge your Suit,
Intreat you daily to declare your Paſſion,
Seek out unnumber'd Opportunities,
And lay the Follies of my Sex before you?

VALERIUS.

Alas, thou know'ſt, VALERIA, Woman's Heart
Was never won by Tales of bleeding Love:
'Tis by Degrees the ſly Enchanter works
Aſſuming Friendſhip's Name, and fits the Soul
For ſoft Impreſſions, ere the fault'ring Tongue,
And guilty-bluſhing Cheek, with many a Glance
Shot inadvertent, tells the ſecret Flame,

VALERIA.

True, theſe are Arts for thoſe who love at leiſure;
You had no Time for tedious Stratagem;
A dang'rous Rival preſt, and has ſucceeded.

VALERIUS.

I own my Error—yet once more aſſiſt me—
Nay, turn not from me; by my Soul I mean not
To interrupt their Loves—Yet ſhould ſome Accident,
'Tis not impoſſible, divide their Hearts,
I might perhaps have Hope: Therefore 'till Marriage
Cuts off all Commerce, and confirms me wretched,
Be it thy Taſk, my Siſter, with fond Stories,
Such as our Ties of Blood may countenance,
To paint thy Brother's Worth, his Power in Arms,
His Favour with the King, but moſt of all
That certain Tenderneſs of Soul which ſteals
All Womens hearts, then mention many a Fair,
No matter whom, that ſighs to call you Siſter.

VALERIA.

Well, well, away— Yet tell me, ere you go,
How did this Lover talk of his HORATIA?

VALERIUS.

Why will you mention the ungrateful Subject?
Think what you've heard me breathe a thouſand Times
When my whole Soul diſſolv'd in Tenderneſs;
'Twas Rapture all; what Lovers only feel,
Or can expreſs when felt. He had been here,
But ſudden Orders from their Camp detain'd him.
Farewel, HORATIUS waits me—but remember,
My Life, nay more than Life, depends on you. [*Exit.*

VA-

VALERIA.

Poor Youth! he knows not how I feel his Anguiſh,
Yet dare not ſeem to pity what I feel.
How ſhall I act betwixt this Friend and Brother?
Should ſhe ſuſpect his Paſſion, ſhe may doubt
My Friendſhip too; and yet to tell it her
Were to betray his Cauſe. No, let my Heart
With the ſame blameleſs Caution ſtill proceed,
To each inclining moſt as moſt diſtreſt,
Be juſt to both, and leave to Heaven the reſt! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Scene continues.

Enter HORATIA *and* VALERIA.

HORATIA.

ALAS, how eaſily do we admit
The Thing we wiſh were true! yet ſure, VALERIA,
This ſeeming Negligence of CURIATIUS
Betrays a ſecret Coldneſs at the Heart.
May not long Abſence, or the Charms of War
Have damp'd, at leaſt, if not effac'd his Paſſion?
I know not what to think.

VALERIA.

Think, my HORATIA,
That you're a Lover, and have learn'd the Art
To raiſe vain Scruples, and torment yourſelf
With every diſtant Hint of fancied Ill.
Your CURIATIUS ſtill remains the ſame.
My Brother idly trifled with your Paſſion,
Or might perhaps unheedingly relate
What you too nearly feel. But ſee, your Father.

HO-

HORATIA.

He ſeems tranſported; ſure ſome happy News
Has brought him back thus early: O my Heart!
I long, yet dread to aſk him; ſpeak, VALERIA.

Enter HORATIUS.

VALERIA.

You're ſoon return'd, my Lord.

HORATIUS.

Return'd, VALERIA!
My Life, my Youth's return'd, I tread in Air.
—I cannot ſpeak; my Joy's too great for Utterance.
—O I cou'd weep!—my Sons, my Sons are choſen
Their Country's Combatants, not one, but all.

HORATIA.

My Brothers ſaid you, Sir?

HORATIUS.

All three, my Child,
All three are Champions in the Cauſe of *Rome*.
O happy State of Fathers! thus to feel
New Warmth revive, and ſpringing Life renew'd
Even on the Margin of the Grave!

VALERIA.

The Time
Of Combat, is it fix'd?

HORATIUS.

This Day, this Hour
Perhaps decides our Doom.

VALERIA.

And is it known
With whom they muſt engage?

HORATIUS.

Not yet, VALERIA;
But with Impatience we expect each Moment

The

The Reſolutions of the *Alban* Senate.
And ſoon may they arrive, that ere we quit
Yon hoſtile Field, the Chiefs who dared oppoſe
Rome's riſing Glories, may with Shame confeſs
The Gods protect the Empire they have rais'd.
Where are thy Smiles, HORATIA? whence proceeds
This ſullen Silence, when my thronging Joys
Want Words to ſpeak them? Prithee, talk of Empire,
Talk of thoſe Darlings of my Soul thy Brothers.
Call them whate'er wild Fancy can ſuggeſt,
Their Country's Pride, the Boaſt of future Times,
The dear Defence, the guardian Gods of *Rome!*
By Heaven thou ſtand'ſt unmov'd, nor feels thy Breaſt
The Charms of Glory, the exſtatic Warmth
Which beams new Life, and lifts us nearer Heaven!

HORATIA.

My gracious Father, with Surprize and Tranſport
I heard the Tidings, as becomes your Daughter.
And like your Daughter, were our Sex allow'd
The noble Privilege which Man uſurps,
Could die with Pleaſure in my Country's Cauſe.
But yet permit a Siſter's Weakneſs, Sir,
To feel the Pangs of Nature, and to dread
The Fate of thoſe ſhe loves, however glorious.
And ſure they cannot all ſurvive a Conflict
So deſperate as this.

HORATIUS.

Survive! by Heaven
I could not hope that they ſhould all ſurvive.
No, let them fall; if from their glorious Deaths
Rome's Freedom ſpring, I ſhall be nobly paid
For every ſharpeſt Pang the Parent feels.
Had I a thouſand Sons, in ſuch a Cauſe

I could behold them bleeding at my Feet,
And thank the Gods with Tears!

Enter PUBLIUS HORATIUS

PUBLIUS.

My Father! [*Offering to kneel.*

HORATIUS.

Hence!
Kneel not to me—ſtand off; and let me view
At Diſtance, and with reverential Awe,
The Champion of my Country!——O, my Boy,
That I ſhould live to this—my Soul's too full;
Let this and this ſpeak for me.—Bleſs thee, bleſs thee!
[*Embracing him.*
But wherefore art thou abſent from the Camp?
Where are thy Brothers? has the *Alban* State
Determin'd? is the Time of Combat fix'd?

PUBLIUS.

Think not, my Lord, that filial Reverence,
However due, had drawn me from the Field,
Where nobler Duty calls: a Patriot's Soul,
Can feel no humbler Ties, nor knows the Voice
Of Kindred, when his Country claims his Aid.
It was the King's Command I ſhould attend you,
Elſe had I ſtaid 'till Wreaths immortal grac'd
My Brows, and made thee proud indeed to ſee
Beneath thy Roof, and bending for thy Bleſſing,
Not thine, HORATIUS, but the Son of *Rome!*

HORATIUS.

O virtuous Pride!—'tis Bliſs too exquiſite
For human Senſe! —thus, let me anſwer thee.
[*Embracing him again.*
Where are my other Boys?

PUB-

PUBLIUS.

They only wait
'Till *Alba*'s loit'ring Chiefs declare her Champions,
Our future Victims, Sir, and with the News
Will greet their Father's Ear.

HORATIUS.

It ſhall not need,
Myſelf will to the Field. Come, let us haſte;
My old Blood boils, and my tumultuous Spirits
Pant for the Onſet. O for one ſhort Hour
Of vigorous Youth, that I might ſhare the Toil
Now with my Boys, and be the next my laſt!

HORATIA.

My Brother!

PUBLIUS.

My HORATIA! ere the Dews
Of Evening fall thou ſhalt with Tranſport own me;
Shalt hold thy Country's Saviour in thy Arms,
Or bathe his honeſt Bier with Tears of Joy.
Thy Lover greets thee, and complains of Abſence
With many a Sigh, and many a longing Look
Sent tow'rd the Towers of *Rome*.

HORATIA.

Methinks, a Lover
Might take th'Advantage of the Truce, and bear
His kind Complaints himſelf, not truſt his Vows
To other Tongues, or be oblig'd to tell
The paſſing Winds his Paſſion.

PUBLIUS.

Deareſt Siſter,
He with Impatience waits the lucky Moment
That may with Honour bear him to your Arms.

Didſt thou but hear how tenderly he talks,
How blames the dull Delay of *Alban* Councils,
And chides the ling'ring Minutes as they paſs,
'Till Fate determines, and the tedious Chiefs
Permit his Abſence, thou woud'ſt pity him.
But ſoon, my Siſter, ſoon ſhall every Bar
Which thwarts thy Happineſs be far away.
We are no longer Enemies to *Alba*,
This Day unites us, and to-morrow's Sun
May hear thy Vows, and make my Friend my Brother.

HORATIUS. [*Having talked apart with* VALERIA.
Tis truly *Roman*.——Here's a Maid, HORATIA,
Laments her Brother loſt the glorious Proof
Of dying for his Country.——Come, my Son,
Her Softneſs will infect thee, prithee, leave her.

HORATIA. [*Looking firſt on her Father, and then tenderly on her Brother.*
Not 'till my Soul has pour'd its Wiſhes for him.
Hear me, dread God of War, protect and ſave him!
[*Kneeling.*
For thee, and thy immortal *Rome* he fights!
Daſh the proud Spear from every hoſtile Hand
That dares oppoſe him; may each *Alban* Chief
Fly from his Preſence, or his Vengeance feel!
And when in Triumph he returns to *Rome*, [*Riſing.*
Hail him, ye Maids, with grateful Songs of Praiſe,
And ſcatter all the blooming Spring before him.
Curs'd be the envious Brow that ſmiles not then,
Curs'd be the Wretch that wears one Mark of Sorrow,
Or flies not thus with open Arms to greet him.

Enter TULLUS HOSTILIUS, VALERIUS, *and Guards.*

VALERIUS.
The King, my Lord, approaches.

HORATIUS.

Gracious Sir,
Whence comes this Condeſcenſion?

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Good old Man;
Could I have found a nobler Meſſenger,
I would have ſpared myſelf th' ungrateful Taſk
Of this Day's Embaſſy, for much I fear
My News will want a Welcome.

HORATIUS.

Mighty King!
Forgive an old Man's Warmth——They have not ſure
Made choice of other Combatants.——My Sons,
Muſt they not fight for *Rome*?

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Too ſure they muſt.

HORATIUS.

Then I am bleſt!

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

But that they muſt engage
Will hurt thee moſt, when thou ſhalt know with whom.

HORATIUS.

I care not whom.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Suppoſe your neareſt Friends
The *Curiatii* were the *Alban* Choice,
Could you bear that? Could you, young Man, ſupport
A Conflict there?

PUBLIUS.

I could perform my Duty,
Great Sir, tho' even a Brother ſhould oppoſe me.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Thou art a *Roman!* Let thy King embrace thee.

HORATIUS.

And let thy Father catch thee from his Arms.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS. [*To* PUBLIUS.

Know then that Trial muſt be thine. The *Albans*
With Envy ſaw one Family produce
Three Chiefs, to whom their Country dared entruſt
The *Roman* Cauſe, and ſcorn'd to be outdone,

HORATIA.

Then I am loſt indeed; was it for this,
For this, I pray'd! [*Swoons.*

PUBLIUS.

My Siſter!

VALERIA.

My HORATIA!

HORATIUS.

O fooliſh Girl, to ſhame thy Father thus!
Here, bear her in.†—I am concern'd, my Sovereign,
That even the meaneſt Part of me ſhould blaſt
With impious Grief a Cauſe of ſo much Glory.
But let the Virtue of my Boy excuſe it.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

It does moſt amply. She has Cauſe for Sorrow.
The Shock was ſudden, and might well alarm
A firmer Boſom. The weak Sex demand
Our Pity, not our Anger; their ſoft Breaſts
Are nearer touch'd, and more expos'd to Sorrows
Than Man's experter Senſe. Nor let us blame
That Tenderneſs which ſmooths our tougher Natures,

And

† HORATIA *is carried in,* VALERIUS *and* VALERIA *follow.*

And ſoftens all the Joys of ſocial Life.
We leave her to her Tears. For you, young Soldier,
You muſt prepare for Combat. Some few Hours
Are all that are allow'd you. But I charge you
Try well your Heart, and ſtrengthen every Thought
Of Patriot in you. Think how dreadful 'tis
To plant a Dagger in the Breaſt you love;
To ſpurn the Ties of Nature, and forget
In one ſhort Hour whole Years of virtuous Friendſhip.
Think well on that.

PUBLIUS.

I do, my gracious Sovereign;
And think the more I dare ſubdue Affection
The more my Glory.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

True; but yet conſider,
Is it an eaſy Taſk to change Affections?
In the dread Onſet can your meeting Eyes
Forget their uſual Intercourſe, and wear
At once the Frown of War, and ſtern Defiance?
Will not each Look recall the fond Remembrance
Of Childhood paſt, when the whole open Soul
Breath'd cordial Love, and plighted many a Vow
Of tend'reſt import? Think on that, young Soldier,
And tell me if thy Breaſt be ſtill unmov'd?

PUBLIUS.

Think not, O King, howe'er reſolv'd on Combat,
I ſit ſo looſely to the Bonds of Nature,
As not to feel their Force. I feel it ſtrongly.
I love the *Curiatii*, and would ſerve them
At Life's Expence: But here a nobler Cauſe
Demands my Sword: For all Connections elſe,
All private Duties are ſubordinate

To what we owe the Public. Partial Ties
Of Son, and Father, Huſband, Friend, or Brother,
Owe their Enjoyments to the public Safety,
And without that were vain.—Nor need we, Sir,
Caſt off Humanity, and to be Heroes
Ceaſe to be Men. As in our earlieſt Days,
While yet we learn'd the Exerciſe of War,
We ſtrove together, not as Enemies,
Yet conſcious each of his peculiar Worth,
And ſcorning each to yield; ſo will we now
Engage with ardent not with hoſtile Minds,
Not fired with Rage, but emulous of Fame.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Now I dare truſt thee; go, and teach thy Brothers
To think like thee, and Conqueſt is your own.
This is true Courage, not the brutal Force
Of vulgar Heroes, but the firm Reſolve
Of Virtue, and of Reaſon. He who thinks
Without their Aid to ſhine in Deeds of Arms,
Builds on a ſandy Baſis his Renown;
A Dream, a Vapour, or an Ague Fit
May make a Coward of him.—Come, HORATIUS,
Thy other Sons ſhall meet thee at the Camp,
For now I do bethink me 'tis not fit
They ſhould behold their Siſter thus alarm'd.
Haſte, Soldier, and detain them. [*To one of the Guards.*

HORATIUS.

Gracious Sir,
We'll follow on the inſtant.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Then Farewel.
When next we meet, 'tis *Rome* and Liberty!

[*Exit with Guard.*

HORATIUS.

Come, let me arm thee for the glorious Toil.
I have a Sword whoſe Light'ning oft has blaz'd
Dreadfully fatal on my Country's Foes;
Whoſe temper'd Edge has cleft their haughty Creſts,
And ſtain'd with Life-blood many a reeking Plain.
This ſhalt thou bear; myſelf will gird it on,
And lead thee forth to Death or Victory. [*Going.*
——And yet, my PUBLIUS, ſhall I own a Weakneſs;
Tho' I deteſt the Cauſe from whence they ſpring,
I feel thy Siſter's Sorrows like a Father.
She was my Soul's delight.

PUBLIUS.

And may remain ſo.
This ſudden Shock has but alarm'd her Virtue,
Not quite ſubdued its Force. At leaſt, my Father,
Time's lenient Hand will teach her to endure
The ills of Chance, and Reaſon conquer Love.

HORATIUS.

Should we not ſee her?

PUBLIUS.

By no means, my Lord;
You heard the King's Command about my Brothers,
And we have Hearts as tender ſure as they.
Might I adviſe, you ſhould confine her cloſely,
Leſt ſhe infect the Matrons with her Grief,
And bring a Stain we ſhould not wiſh to fix
On the *Horatian* Name.

HORATIUS.

It ſhall be ſo.
We'll think no more of her. 'Tis Glory calls,
And humbler Paſſions beat Alarms in vain. [*Exit.*
As HORATIUS *goes off,* HORATIA *enters at another Door.*

Ho-

HORATIA.

Where is my Brother?—O my deareſt PUBLIUS,
If e'er you lov'd HORATIA, ever felt
That Tenderneſs which you have ſeem'd to feel,
O hear her now!

PUBLIUS.

What would'ſt thou, my HORATIA?

HORATIA.

I know not what I would—I'm on the Rack,
Deſpair and Madneſs tear my lab'ring Soul.
—And yet, my Brother, ſure you might relieve me.

PUBLIUS.

How, by what means? By Heaven, I'd die to do it.

HORATIA.

You might decline the Combat.

PUBLIUS.

Ha!

HORATIA.

I do not
Expect it from thee. Prithee look more kindly.
—And yet, is the Requeſt ſo very hard?
I only aſk thee not to plunge thy Sword
Into the Breaſt thou lov'ſt, not kill thy Friend,
Is that ſo hard?—I might have ſaid thy Brother.

PUBLIUS.

What canſt thou mean? Beware, beware, HORATIA.
Thou know'ſt I dearly love thee, nay thou know'ſt
I love the Man with whom I muſt engage.
Yet haſt thou faintly read thy Brother's Soul,
If thou can'ſt think Entreaties have the Power,
Tho' urg'd with all the Tenderneſs of Tears,
To ſhake his ſettled Purpoſe: They may make

My

My Task more hard, and my Soul bleed within me,
But cannot touch my Virtue.

HORATIA.

'Tis not Virtue
Which contradicts our Nature, 'tis the Rage
Of over-weening Pride. Has *Rome* no Champions
She could oppose but you? Are there not thousands
As warm in Glory, and as tried in Arms,
Who might without a Crime aspire to Conquest,
Or die with honest Fame?

PUBLIUS.

Away, away;
Talk to thy Lover thus. But 'tis not CAIUS
Thou would'st have infamous.

HORATIA.

O kill me not
With such unkind Reproaches. Yes, I own
I love him, more—

PUBLIUS.

Than a chaste *Roman* Maid
Should dare confess.

HORATIA.

Should dare! What means my Brother?
I had my Father's Sanction on my Love,
And Duty taught me first to feel it's Power.
—Should dare confess!—is that the dreadful Crime?
Alas but spare him, spare thy Friend, HORATIUS,
And I will cast him from my Breast for ever.
Will that oblige thee?—only let him die
By other Hands, and I will learn to hate him.

PUBLIUS.

Why wilt thou talk thus madly? Love him still:
And if we fall the Victims of our Country
(Which Heaven avert!) wed, and enjoy him freely.

Ho-

HORATIA.

O never, never. What, my Country's Bane!
The Murderer of my Brothers! may the Gods
First tear me, blaſt me, ſcatter me on Winds,
And pour out each unheard-of Vengeance on me!

PUBLIUS.

Do not torment thyſelf thus idly—Go,
Compoſe thyſelf, and be again my Siſter.

Re-enter HORATIUS *[with the Sword]*

HORATIUS.

This Sword in *Veii*'s Field—What doſt thou here?
Leave him I charge thee, Girl—Come come, my PUBLIUS,
Let's haſte where Duty calls.

HORATIA.

What, to the Field?
He muſt not, ſhall not go; here will I hang—
O if you have not quite caſt off Affection,
If you deteſt not your diſtracted Siſter—

HORATIUS.

Shame of thy Race, why doſt thou hang upon him?
Would'ſt thou entail eternal Infamy
On him, on me, on all?

HORATIA.

Indeed I would not.
I know I aſk Impoſſibilities;
Yet pity me, my Father!

PUBLIUS.

Pity thee?
Begone, fond Wretch, nor urge my Temper thus.
By Heaven I love thee as a Brother ought.
Then hear my laſt Reſolve; if Fate, averſe
To *Rome*, and us, determine my Deſtruction,
I charge thee wed thy Lover; he will then

Deſerve thee nobly. Or if kinder Gods
Propitious hear the Prayers of ſuppliant *Rome*,
And he ſhould fall by me, I then expect
No weak Upbraidings for a Lover's Death,
But ſuch Returns as ſhall become thy Birth,
A Siſter's Thanks for having ſav'd her Country. [*Exit.*

HORATIA.

Yet ſtay—Yet hear me, PUBLIUS—But one Word—

HORATIUS.

Let go thy hold, raſh Girl, thou'l't tempt thy Father
To do an Outrage might perhaps diſtract him.—

HORATIA.

Alas, forgive me, Sir—I'm very wretched,
Indeed I am—Yet I will ſtrive to ſtop
This ſwelling Grief, and bear it like your Daughter.
Do but forgive me, Sir.

HORATIUS.

I do, I do——
Go in, my Child, the Gods may find a Way
To make thee happy yet. But on thy Duty,
Whate'er Reports may reach, or Fears alarm thee,
I charge thee come not to the Field.

HORATIA.

I will not,
If you command it, Sir. But will you then,
As far as cruel Honor may permit,
Remember that your poor HORATIA's Life
Hangs on this dreadful Conteſt?

HORATIUS.

Lead her in.

[*Exit* HORATIA.

Ho-

HORATIUS. [*Looking after her.*

Spite of my boasted Strength, her Griefs unman me.
—But let her from my Thoughts. The Patriot's Breast
No Hopes, no Fears, but for his Country knows,
And in her Danger loses private Woes. [*Exit.*

The END of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene continues.

VALERIUS *and* VALERIA *meeting.*

VALERIUS.

NOW, my VALERIA, where's the charming She
That calls me to her? with a Lover's Haste
I fly to execute the dear Command.

VALERIA.

'Tis not the Lover, but the Friend she wants,
If thou dar'st own that Name.

VALERIUS.

The Friend, my Sister!
There's more than Friendship in a Lover's Breast,
More warm, more tender is the Flame he feels —

VALERIA.

Alas, these Raptures suit not her Distress,
She seeks th' indulgent Friend, whose sober Sense
Free from the Mists of Passion might direct
Her jarring Thoughts, and plead her doubtful Cause.

VALERIUS.

Am I that Friend? O did she turn her Thought
On me for that kind Office?

VA-

VALERIA.

Yes, VALERIUS.

She choſe you out to be her Advocate
To CURIATIUS; 'tis the only Hope
She now dares cheriſh; her relentleſs Brother
With Scorn rejects her Tears, her Father flies her,
And only you remain to ſooth her Cares,
And ſave her ere ſhe ſinks.

VALERIUS.

Her Advocate
To CURIATIUS!

VALERIUS.

'Tis to him ſhe ſends you,
To urge her Suit, and win him from the Field.
But come; her Sorrows will more ſtrongly plead
Than all my Grief can utter.

VALERIUS.

To my Rival!
To CURIATIUS plead her Cauſe, and teach
My Tongue a Leſſon which my Heart abhors!
Impoſſible! VALERIA, prithee ſay
Thou ſaw'ſt me not; the Buſineſs of the Camp
Confin'd me there; Farewel. [*Going.*

VALERIA.

What means my Brother?
You cannot leave her now; for ſhame turn back;
Is this the Virtue of a *Roman* Youth?
O by theſe Tears!

VALERIUS.

They flow in vain, VALERIA:
Nay, and thou knoweſt they do. O Earth and Heaven!

This

This Combat was the Means my happier Stars
Found out, to ſave me on the Brink of Ruin;
And can I plead againſt it, turn Aſſaſſin
On my own Life?

VALERIA.

Yet thou can'ſt murder her
Thou doſt pretend to love; away, Deceiver;
I'll ſeek ſome worthier Meſſenger to plead
In Beauty's Cauſe; but firſt inform HORATIA,
How much VALERIUS is the Friend ſhe thought him.
[*Going.*

VALERIUS.

O Heav'ns! ſtay, Siſter; 'tis an arduous Taſk.

VALERIA.

I know the Taſk is hard, and thought I knew
Thy Virtue too.

VALERIUS.

I muſt, I will obey thee.
Lead on.——Yet, prithee, for a Moment leave me,
'Till I can recollect my ſcatter'd Thoughts,
And dare to be unhappy.

VALERIA.

My VALERIUS!
I fly to tell her you but wait her Pleaſure. [*Exit.*

VALERIUS.

Yes, I will undertake this hateful Office;
It never can ſucceed. — Yet at this Inſtant
It may be dangerous, while the People melt
With fond Compaſſion.—No, it cannot be;
His Reſolution's fix'd, and virtuous Pride
Forbids an Alteration. To attempt it
Makes her my Friend, and may afford hereafter

A thouſand tender Hours to move my Suit,
That Hope determines all. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

HORATIA *and* VALERIA. HORATIA *with a Scarf in her Hand.*

HORATIA.

Where is thy Brother? Wherefore ſtays he thus?
Did you conjure him, did he ſay he'd come?
I have no Brothers now, and fly to him
As my laſt Refuge. Did he ſeem averſe
To thy Intreaties? Are all Brothers ſo!
Alas, thou told'ſt me he ſpake kindly to thee;
'Tis me, 'tis me he ſhuns; I am the Wretch
Whom Virtue dares not make Acquaintance with.
Yet fly to him again, intreat him hither,
Tell him for thy Sake to have Pity on me,
Thou art no Enemy to *Rome*, thou haſt
No *Alban* Huſband to claim half thy Tears,
And make Humanity a Crime.

VALERIA.

Dear Maid,
Reſtrain your Sorrows, I've already told you
My Brother will with Tranſport execute
Whatever you command.

HORATIA.

O wherefore then
Is he away? each Moment now is precious,
If loſt, 'tis loſt for ever, and if gain'd,

Long

Long Scenes of laſting Peace, and ſmiling Years
Of Happineſs unhop'd-for wait upon it.

VALERIA.

I will again go ſeek him; pray be calm;
Succeſs is thine if it depends on him. [*Exit.*

HORATIA.

Succeſs! alas, perhaps ev'n now too late
I labour to preſerve him; the dread Arm
Of Vengeance is already ſtretch'd againſt him,
And he muſt fall. Yet let me ſtrive to ſave him.
Yes, thou dear Pledge, deſign'd for happier Hours,
[*To the Scarf.*
The Gift of nuptial Love, thou ſhalt at leaſt
Eſſay thy Power.
Oft as I fram'd the Web,
He ſate beſide me, and would ſay in Sport,
This Preſent, which thy Love deſigns for me,
Shall be the future Bond of Peace betwixt us.
By this we'll ſwear a laſting Love, by this,
Thro' the ſweet Round of all our Days to come,
Aſk what thou wilt, and CURIATIUS grants it.
O I ſhall try thee nearly now, dear Youth;
Glory and I are Rivals for thy Heart,
And one muſt conquer.

Enter VALERIUS *and* VALERIA.

VALERIUS.

Save you, gracious Lady;
On the firſt Meſſage which my Siſter ſent me
I had been here, but was oblig'd by Office,
Ere to their Champions each reſign'd her Charge,
To ratify the League 'twixt *Rome* and *Alba*.

HORATIA.

Are they engag'd then?

VALERIUS.

No, not yet engag'd;
Soft Pity for a while ſuſpends the Onſet;
The Sight of near Relations, arm'd in Fight
Againſt each other, touch'd the Gazers Hearts;
And Senators on each Side have propos'd
To change the Combatants.

HORATIA.

My Bleſſings on them!
Think you they will ſucceed?

VALERIUS.

The Chiefs themſelves
Are reſolute to fight.

HORATIA.

Inſatiate Virtue!
I muſt not to the Field; I am confin'd
A Priſoner here; or ſure theſe Tears would move
Their flinty Breaſts.—Is CURIATIUS too
Reſolv'd on Death?—O Sir, forgive a Maid,
Who dares in ſpite of Modeſty confeſs
Too ſoft a Paſſion. Will you pardon me,
If I intreat you to the Field again
An humble Suitor from the verieſt Wretch,
That ever knew Diſtreſs.

VALERIUS.

Dear Lady ſpeak;
What would you I ſhould do?

HORATIA.

O bear this to him.

VALERIUS,

To whom?

Ho-

HORATIA.

To CURIATIUS bear this Scarf;
And tell him if he ever truly lov'd;
If all the Vows he breath'd were not falſe Lures
To catch th' unwary Mind,——and ſure they were not!
O tell him now he may with Honour ceaſe
To urge his cruel Right; the Senators
Of *Rome* and *Alba* will approve ſuch Mildneſs.
Tell him his Wife, if he will own that Name,
Intreats him from the Field; his loſt HORATIA
Begs on her trembling Knees he would not tempt
A certain Fate, and murder her he loves.
Tell him if he conſents, ſhe fondly ſwears
By every God the varying World adores,
By this dear Pledge of vow'd Affection ſwears,
To know no Brothers and no Sire but him;
With him, if Honour's harſh Commands require it,
She'll wander forth, and ſeek ſome diſtant Home,
Nor ever think of *Rome* or *Alba* more.

VALERIA

Well, well, he will; do not torment thyſelf.

HORATIA. [*Catching hold of the Scarf, which ſhe looked upon attentively while* Valeria *ſpoke.*

Look here, VALERIA, where my Needle's Art
Has drawn a *Sabine* Virgin, drown'd in Tears
For her loſt Country, and forſaken Friends;
While by her Side the youthful Raviſher
Looks ardent Love, and charms her Griefs away.
I am that Maid diſtreſs'd, divided ſo
'Twixt Love and Duty.——But why rave I thus!
Haſte, haſte, to CURIATIUS; and yet ſtay,
Sure I had ſomething more to ſay to him;
I know not what it was.

VALERIUS.

Could I, ſweet Lady,
But paint your Grief with half the Force I feel it,
I need but tell it him, and he muſt yield.

HORATIA.

It may be ſo. Stay, ſtay, beſure you tell him,
If he rejects my Suit, no Power on Earth
Shall force me to his Arms; I will deviſe——
I'll die and be reveng'd!

VALERIA.

Away, my Brother;
But oh for Pity, do your Office juſtly; [*Aſide to* VALERIUS.
Let not your Paſſion blind your Reaſon now,
But urge her Cauſe with Ardor.

VALERIUS.

By my Soul
I will VALERIA; her Diſtreſs alarms me;
And I have now no Intereſt but hers. [*Exit.*

VALERIA.

Come, deareſt Maid, indulge not thus your Sorrows:
Hope ſmiles again, and the ſad Proſpect clears.
Who knows th'Effect your Meſſage may produce;
The milder Senators ere this perhaps
Have mov'd your Lover's Mind; and if he doubts,
He's yours.

HORATIA.

He's gone.—I had a thouſand Things;
And yet I'm glad he's gone. Think you, VALERIA,
Your Brother will delay? they may engage
Before he reaches them.

VALERIA.

The Field's ſo near,
That a few Minutes bring him to the Place:
And 'tis not probable the Senators
So ſoon ſhould yield a Cauſe of ſo much Juſtice.

HORATIA.

Alas, they ſhould have thought on that before,
'Tis now too late. The Lion when he's rous'd
Muſt have his Prey, whoſe Den we might have paſt
In Safety while he ſlept. To draw the Sword,
And fire the youthful Warrior's Breaſt to Arms
With aweful Viſions of immortal Fame,
And then to bid him ſheath it, and forget
He ever hop'd for Conqueſt and Renown;
Vain, vain Attempt!

VALERIA.

Yet when that juſt Attempt
Is ſeconded by Love, and Beauty's Tears
Lend their ſoft Aid to melt the Hero down;
What may we not expect?

HORATIA.

My dear VALERIA,
Fain wou'd I hope I had the Power to move him.

VALERIA.

You have, you muſt; Succeſs is yours already.

HORATIA.

And yet ſhould I ſucceed, the hard-gain'd Strife
May chance to rob me of my future Peace.
He may not always with the Eyes of Love
Look on that Fondneſs which has ſtab'd his Fame.
He may regret too late the Sacrifice
He made to Love, and a fond Woman's Weakneſs;
And think the milder Joys of ſocial Life
But ill repay him for the mighty Loſs
Of Patriot-reputation!

VALERIA.

Pray forbear,
And ſearch not thus into eventful Time

For Ills to come. This fatal Temper, Friend,
Alive to feel, and curious to explore
Each diſtant Object of refin'd Diſtreſs,
Shuts out all Means of Happineſs, nor leaves it
In Fortune's Power to ſave you from Deſtruction.
Like ſome diſtemper'd Wretch, your wayward Mind
Rejects all Nouriſhment, or turns to Gall
The very Balm that ſhould relieve its Anguiſh.
He will admire thy Love, which could perſwade him
To give up Glory for the mllder Triumph
Of heart-felt Eaſe and ſoft Humanity.

HORATIA.

I fain would hope ſo. Yet we hear not of him,
Your Brother, much I fear, has ſued in vain.
Could we not ſend to urge his ſlow Expreſs?
This dread Uncertainty! I long to know
My Life or Death at once.

VALERIA.

The Wings of Love
Cannot fly faſter than my Brother's Zeal
Will bear him for your Service.

HORATIA.

I believe it,
Yet doubt it too. My ſickly Mind unites
Strange Contradictions.

VALERIA.

Shall I to the Walls?
I may from thence with Eaſe ſurvey the Field,
And can diſpatch a Meſſenger each Moment
To tell thee all goes well.

HORATIA.

My beſt VALERIA!
Fly then. I know thy Heart is there already,

Thou art a *Roman* Maid, and tho' thy Friendſhip
Detains thee here with one who ſcarce deſerves
That ſacred Name, art anxious for thy Country.
But yet for Charity think kindly of me;
For thou ſhalt find by the Event, VALERIA,
I am a *Roman* too, however wretched.

[*Exit* VALERIA.

Am I a *Roman* then? Ye Powers, I dare not
Reſolve the fatal Queſtion I propoſe.
If dying would ſuffice, I were a *Roman*;
But to ſtand up againſt this Storm of Paſſions
Tranſcends a Woman's Weakneſs. Hark, what Noiſe!—
'Tis News from CURIATIUS; Love, I thank thee!

Enter a Servant.

Well, does he yield? diſtract me not with Silence;
Say in one Word.——

SERVANT.

Your Father——

HORATIA.

What of him?
Would he not let him yield? O cruel Father!

SERVANT.

Madam, he's here——

HORATIA.

Who!

SERVANT.

Borne by his Attendants.

HORATIA.

What mean'ſt thou?

HORATIUS *is led in by his Servants.*

HORATIUS.

Lead me yet a little onward;
I ſhall recover ſtraight.

HORA-

HORATIA.

My gracious Sire!

HORATIUS.

Lend me thy Arm, HORATIA.—So—my Child,
Be not ſurpriz'd; an old Man muſt expect
Theſe little Shocks of Nature, they are Hints
To warn us of our End.

HORATIA.

How are you, Sir?

HORATIUS.

Better, much better. My frail Body could not
Support the ſwelling Tumult of my Soul.

HORATIA.

No Accident I hope alarm'd you, Sir,
My Brothers——

HORATIUS.

Here, go to the Field again,
You CAUTUS and VINDICIUS; and obſerve
Each Circumſtance; I ſhall be glad to hear
The manner of the Fight.

HORATIA.

Are they engag'd?

HORATIUS.

They are, HORATIA; but firſt let me thank thee [*During this Speech a Servant gives a Paper to* HORATIA.
For ſtaying from the Field; I would have ſeen
The Fight myſelf, but this unlucky Illneſs
Has forc'd me to retire. Where is thy Friend?
What Paper's that? Why doſt thou tremble ſo?
Here let me open it.—From CURIATIUS!

HORATIA.

O keep me not in this Suſpence, my Father;
Relieve me from the Rack.

Ho-

HORATIUS.

He tells thee here,
He dare not do an Action that would make him
Unworthy of thy Love, and therefore—

HORATIA.

Dies!
Well, I am ſatisfied.

HORATIUS.

I ſee by this
Thou haſt endeavour'd to perſuade thy Lover
To quit the Combat. Could'ſt thou think, HORATIA,
He'd ſacrifice his Country to a Woman?

HORATIA.

I know not what I thought; he proves too plainly
Whate'er it was, I was deceiv'd in him
Whom I applied to.

HORATIUS.

Do not think ſo, Daughter;
Could he with Honour have declin'd the Fight,
I ſhould myſelf have join'd in thy Requeſt,
And forc'd him from the Field. But think, my Child,
Had he conſented, and had *Alba*'s Cauſe,
Supported by another Arm, been baffled,
What then could'ſt thou expect? Would he not curſe
His fooliſh Love, and hate thee for thy Fondneſs?
Nay think, perhaps, 'twas Artifice in thee
To aggrandize thy Race, and lift their Fame
Triumphant o'er his Ruin and his Country's.
Think well on that, and Reaſon muſt convince thee

HORATIA. [*Wildly.*

Alas, had Reaſon ever yet the Power
To talk down Grief, or bid the tortur'd Wretch
Not feel his Anguiſh? 'tis impoſſible.

Could Reaſon govern, I ſhould now rejoice
They were engag'd, and count the tedious Moments
'Till Conqueſt ſmil'd, and *Rome* again was free.
Could Reaſon govern, I ſhould beg of Heaven
To guide my Brother's Sword, and plunge it deep
Ev'n in the Boſom of the Man I love.
I ſhould forget he ever won my Soul;
Forget 'twas your Command that bade me love him;
Nay fly perhaps to yon deteſted Field,
And ſpurn with Scorn his mangled Carcaſe from me.

HORATIUS.

Why wilt thou talk thus? Prithee be more calm:
I can forgive thy Tears, they flow from Nature,
And could have gladly wiſh'd the *Alban* State
Had found us other Enemies to vanquiſh.
But Heaven has will'd it, and Heaven's Will be done!
The glorious Expectation of Succeſs
Buoys up my Soul, nor lets a Thought intrude
To daſh my promis'd Joys.—What ſteady Valour
Beam'd from their Eyes! Juſt ſo, if Fancy's Power
May form Conjecture from his After-age,
Rome's Founder muſt have look'd, when warm in Youth
And fluſh'd with future Conqueſt forth he march'd
Againſt proud *Acron*, with whoſe bleeding Spoils
He grac'd the Altar of *Feretrian Jove*.
—Methinks I feel recover'd; I might venture
Forth to the Field again. What ho! VOLSCINIUS,
Attend me to the Camp.

HORATIA.

My deareſt Father,
Let me intreat you ſtay; the Tumult there
Will diſcompoſe you, and a quick Relapſe

May

May prove moſt dangerous. I'll reſtrain my Tears,
If they offend you.

HORATIUS.

Well, I'll be adviſ'd.
'Twere now too late, ere this they muſt have conquer'd.
—And here's the happy Meſſenger of Glory!

Enter VALERIA.

VALERIA.

All's loſt, all's ruin'd, Freedom is no more!

HORATIUS.

What doſt thou ſay?

VALERIA.

That *Rome*'s ſubdued by *Alba*.

HORATIUS.

It cannot be; where are my Sons? all dead?

VALERIA.

PUBLIUS is ſtill alive, the other Two
Have paid the fatal Debt they owed their Country.

HORATIUS.

PUBLIUS alive? you muſt miſtake, VALERIA;
He knows his Duty better.
He muſt be dead, or *Rome* victorious.

VALERIA.

Thouſands as well as I beheld the Combat;
After his Brother's Deaths he ſtood alone,
And acted Wonders againſt three Aſſailants;
'Till forc'd at laſt to ſave himſelf by Flight.

HORATIUS.

By Flight? and did the Soldiers let him paſs?
O I am ill again!—the Coward Villain!

[*Throwing himſelf into his Chair.*

Ho-

HORATIA.

Alas, my Brothers!

HORATIUS.

Weep not for them, Girl;
They've died a Death which Kings themſelves might envy;
And whilſt they liv'd they ſaw their Country free.
O had I periſh'd with them! But for him
Whoſe impious Flight diſhonours all his Race,
Tears a fond Father's Heart, and tamely barters
For poor precarious Life his Country's Glory,
Weep, weep for him, and let me join my Tears!

VALERIA.

What could he do, my Lord, when three oppos'd him?

HORATIUS.

He might have died!—O Villain, Villain, Villain!
—And he ſhall die; this Arm ſhall ſacrifice
The Life he dared preſerve with Infamy.
[*Endeavouring to riſe.*
What means this Weakneſs? 'tis untimely now,
When I ſhould puniſh an ungrateful Boy.
Was this his boaſted Virtue which could charm
His cheated Sovereign, and brought Tears of Joy
To my old Eyes?—ſo young a Hypocrite!
O Shame, Shame, Shame!

VALERIA.

Have patience Sir, all *Rome*
Beheld his Valour, and approv'd his Flight
Againſt ſuch Oppoſition.

HORATIUS.

Tell not me,
What's *Rome* to me? *Rome* may excuſe her Traitor;
But I'm the Guardian of my Houſe's Honour,

And

And I will puniſh. Pray ye lead me forth,
I would have Air. But grant me Strength, kind Gods,
To do this Act of Juſtice, and I'll own,
Whate'er 'gainſt *Rome* your awful Wills decree,
Ye ſtill are juſt, and merciful to me! *Exeunt.*

The END of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in HORATIUS's *Houſe.*

Enter HORATIUS, VALERIA *following.*

HORATIUS.

AWAY, away,——I feel my ſtrength renew'd,
And I will hunt the Villain thro' the World;
No Deſarts ſhall conceal, nor Darkneſs hide him.
He is well ſkill'd in Flight, but he ſhall find
'Tis not ſo eaſy to elude the Vengeance
Of a wrong'd Father's Arm, as to eſcape
His Adverſary's Sword.

VALERIA.

Reſtrain your Rage
But for a Moment Sir; when you ſhall hear
The whole unravel'd, you will find he's innocent.

HORATIUS.

It cannot be.

VALERIA.

And ſee my Brother comes,
He may perhaps relate——

Ho-

HORATIUS.

I will not hear him;
I will not liſten to my Shame again.

Enter VALERIUS.

VALERIUS.

I come with kind condolance from the King
To ſooth a Father's Grief, and to expreſs—

HORATIUS.

I've heard it all; I pray you ſpare my Bluſhes.
I want not Conſolation, 'tis enough
They periſh'd for their Country. But the third—

VALERIUS.

True, he indeed may well ſupply their Loſs,
And calls for all your Fondneſs.

HORATIUS.

All my Vengeance;
And he ſhall have it, Sir.

VALERIUS.

What means my Lord?
Are you alone diſpleas'd with what he has done?

HORATIUS.

'Tis I alone, I find, muſt puniſh it.

VALERIUS.

Puniſh, my Lord? What Fault has he committed?

HORATIUS.

Why will you double my Confuſion thus?
Is Flight no Fault?

VALERIUS.

In ſuch a Cauſe as his
'Twas glorious.

HORATIUS.

Glorious! O rare Sophiſtry,
To find a Way through Infamy to Glory!

VALERIUS.

I ſcarce can truſt my Senſes!——Infamy!
What, was it infamous to ſave his Country?
Is Art a Crime? Is it the Name of Flight
We can't forgive, though its ador'd Effect
Reſtor'd us all to Freedom, Fame, and Empire?

HORATIUS.

What Fame, what Freedom, who has ſaved his Country?

VALERIUS.

Your Son, my Lord, has done it.

HORATIUS.

How, when, where?

VALERIUS.

Is't poſſible? Did you not ſay you knew?

HORATIUS.

I care not what I knew; O tell me all,
Is *Rome* ſtill free? has *Alba*? has my Son?
Tell me.

VALERIUS.

Your Son, my Lord, has ſlain her Champions.

HORATIUS.

What, PUBLIUS?

VALERIUS.

He.

HORATIUS.

O let me claſp thee to me——
Were there not three remaining?

VALERIUS.

True, there were;
But wounded all.

Ho-

HORATIUS.

Your Sister here had told us
That *Rome* was vanquish'd, that my Son was fled——

VALERIUS.

And he did fly, but 'twas that Flight preserv'd us.
All *Rome* as well as she has been deceiv'd.

HORATIUS.

Let me again embrace thee.----Come, relate it.
Did I not say, VALERIA, that my Boy
Must needs be dead, or *Rome* victorious?
I long to hear the Manner.——Well, VALERIUS,

VALERIUS.

Your other Sons, my Lord, had paid the Debt
They owed to *Rome*, and he alone remain'd
'Gainst three Opponents, whose united Strength,
Tho' wounded each, and robb'd of half their Force,
Was still too great for his. Awhile he stood
Their fierce Assaults, and then pretended Flight
Only to tire his wounded Adversaries.

HORATIUS.

Pretended Flight, and this succeeded, ha!
O glorious Boy!

VALERIUS.

'Twas better still, my Lord;
For all pursued, but not with equal Speed.
Each eager for the Conquest press'd to reach him,
Nor did the first 'till 'twas too late perceive
His fainter Brothers panting far behind.

HORATIUS.

He took them singly then? an easy Conquest,
'Twas Boy's Play only.

VALERIUS.

Never did I ſee
Such univerſal Joy, as when the laſt
Sunk on the Ground beneath HORATIUS' Sword;
Who ſeem'd awhile to parley as a Friend,
And would have given him Life, but *Caius* ſcorn'd it.

VALERIA.

Caius! O poor HORATIA!

HORATIUS.

Peace, I charge thee.
Go, dreſs thy Face in Smiles, and bid thy Friend
Wake to new Tranſports; let Ambition fire her;
What is a Lover loſt? There's not a Youth
In *Rome* but will adore her; Kings will ſeek
For her Alliance now, and mightieſt Chiefs
Be honour'd by her Smiles. Will they not, Youth?

[*Exit* VALERIA.

VALERIUS.

Moſt ſure, my Lord, this Day has added Worth
To her, whoſe Merit was before unequall'd.

HORATIUS.

How could I doubt his Virtue!——Mighty Gods,
This is true Glory, to preſerve his Country,
And bid by one brave Act th' *Horatian* Name
In Fame's eternal Volumes be enroll'd.
Methinks already I behold his Triumph.
Rome gazes on him like a ſecond Founder,
The wond'ring Eye of Childhood views with Awe
The new Divinity, and trembling Age
Crowds eager on to bleſs him ere it dies!
Ere long, perhaps, they will raiſe Altars to him,
And even with Hymns and Sacrifice adore

The Virtue I ſuſpected!——Gracious Heav'n!
Where is he? Let me fly, and at his Feet
Forget the Father, and implore a Pardon
For ſuch Injuſtice.

VALERIUS.

You may ſoon, my Lord,
In his Embraces loſe the fond Remembrance
Of your miſtaken Rage. The King ere this
Has from the Field diſpatch'd him; he but ſtay'd
'Till he could ſend him home with ſome ſlight Honours
Of ſcatter'd Wreaths, and grateful Songs of Praiſe.
For 'till to-morrow he poſtpones the Pomp
Of ſolemn Thanks, and Sacrifice to Heaven
For Liberty reſtor'd. But hark! that Shout,
Which ſounds from far, and ſeems the mingled Voice
Of Thouſands, ſpeaks him onward on his Way.

HORATIUS.

How my Heart dances!——Yet I bluſh to meet him.
But I will on. Come, come HORATIA, leave [*Calling at*
Thy Sorrow far behind, and let us fly *the Door.*
With open Arms to greet our common Glory.

[*Exit* HORATIUS.

Enter HORATIA *and* VALERIA, *to* VALERIUS.

HORATIA.

Yes, I will go; this Father's hard Command
Shall be obey'd, and I will meet the Conqueror;
But not in Smiles.

VALERIUS.

O go not, gentle Lady;
Might I adviſe——

VALERIA.

Your Griefs are yet too freſh,
And may offend him; do not, my HORATIA.

VALERIUS.

Indeed 'twere better to avoid his Preſence,
It will revive your Sorrows, and recall——

HORATIA.

Sir, when I ſaw you laſt I was a Woman,
The Fool of Nature, a fond Prey to Grief,
Made up of Sighs and Tears. But now, my Soul
Diſdains the very Thought of what I was;
'Tis grown too callous to be mov'd with Toys.
Obſerve me well; am I not nobly chang'd?
Flow my ſad Eyes, or heaves my Breaſt one Groan?
No, for I doubt no longer. 'Tis not Grief,
'Tis Reſolution now, and fix'd Deſpair.

VALERIA.

My dear HORATIA, you ſtrike Terrors thro' me;
What dreadful Purpoſe haſt thou form'd? O ſpeak!

VALERIUS.

Talk gently to her.——Hear me yet, ſweet Lady;
You muſt not go; whatever you reſolve
There is a Sight will pierce you to the Soul.

HORATIA.

What Sight?

VALERIUS.

Alas, I ſhould be glad to hide it;
But it is——

HORATIA.

What?

VALERIUS.

Your Brother wears in Triumph
The very Scarf I bore to CURIATIUS.

HORATIA. [*Wildly.*

Ye Gods, I thank ye! 'tis with Joy I hear it.
If I ſhould falter now, that Sight would rouze
My drooping Rage, and ſwell the Tempeſt louder.
—— But ſoft; they may prevent me; my wild Paſſion
Betrays my Purpoſe.——I'll diſſemble with them,
[*She ſits down.*

VALERIUS.

She ſoftens now.

VALERIA.

How do you, my HORATIA?

HORATIA.

Alas, my Friend, 'tis Madneſs which I utter——
Since you perſuade me then, I will not go,
But leave me to myſelf; I would ſit here,
Alone in ſilent Sadneſs pour my Tears,
And meditate on my unheard-of Woes.

VALERIUS *to* VALERIA.

'Twere well to humour this. But may ſhe not
If left alone do Outrage on herſelf?

VALERIA.

I have prevented that; ſhe has not near her
One Inſtrument of Death.

VALERIUS.

Retire we then.
But oh not far, for now I feel my Soul
Still more perplex'd with Love. Who knows, VALERIA,

But, when this Storm of Grief has blown its Fill,
She may grow calm, and liſten to my Vows.

[*Exeunt* VALERIUS *and* VALERIA.

After a ſhort Silence HORATIA *riſes, and comes forward.*

HORATIA.

Yes, they are gone; and now be firm my Soul!
This Way I can elude their Search. The Heart,
Which doats like mine, muſt break to be at Eaſe.
Juſt now I thought, had CURIATIUS lived,
I could have driven him from my Breaſt for ever.
But Death has cancell'd all my Wrongs at once.
—They were not Wrongs; 'twas Virtue which undid us,
And Virtue ſhall unite us in the Grave.
I heard them ſay, as they departed hence,
That they had robb'd me of all Means of Death.
Vain Thought; they knew not half HORATIA's Purpoſe.
Be reſolute, my Brother, let no weak
Unmanly Fondneſs mingle with thy Virtue,
And I will touch thee nearly. O come on,
'Tis thou alone can'ſt give HORATIA Peace. [*Exit.*

SCENE

IV

SCENE II.

A Street of Rome.

CHORUS of Youths and Virgins singing and scattering Branches of Oak, Flowers, &c. Then enters HORATIUS *leaning on the Arm of* PUBLIUS HORATIUS.

CHORUS.

Thus, for Freedom nobly won,
Rome her haſty Tribute pours;
And on one victorious Son
Half exhauſts her blooming Stores.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the Laurel Crown,
Emblem of immortal Praiſe!
Wond'rous Youth! to thy Renown
Future Times ſhall Altars raiſe.

A VIRGIN.

Scatter here the Myrtle Wreath,
Tho' the bloodleſs Victor's Due;
Grateful Thouſands ſav'd from Death
Shall devote that Wreath to you.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the Oaken Bough;
Ev'n for one averted Fate
We that Civic Meed beſtow—
He ſav'd all, who ſav'd the State.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Thus for Freedom, &c.

HORATIUS.

Thou do'ſt forgive me then, my deareſt Boy,
I cannot tell thee half my Exſtacy.
The Day which gave thee firſt to my glad Hopes
Was Miſery to this——I'm mad with Tranſport!
Why are ye ſilent there? again renew
Your Songs of Praiſe, and in a louder Strain
Pour forth your Joy, and tell the liſt'ning Spheres
That *Rome* is freed by *my* HORATIUS' Hand.

PUBLIUS.

No more, my Friends.——You muſt permit me, Sir,
To contradict you here. Not but my Soul,
Like yours, is open to the Charms of Praiſe:
There is no Joy beyond it, when the Mind
Of him who hears it can with honeſt Pride
Confeſs it juſt, and liſten to its Muſic.
But now the Toils I have ſuſtain'd require
Their Interval of Reſt, and every Senſe
Is deaf to Pleaſure.——Let me leave you, Friends;
We're near our Home, and would be private now:
To-morrow we'll expect your kind Attendance
To ſhare our Joys, and waft our Thanks to Heaven.

[*As they are going off* HORATIA *ruſhes in.*

HORATIA.

Where is this mighty Chief?

HORATIUS.

My Daughter's Voice!
I bade her come; ſhe has forgot her Sorrows,
And is again my Child.

HORATIA.

Is this the Hero

That

That tramples Nature's Ties, and nobly ſoars
Above the Dictates of Humanity?
Let me obſerve him well.

PUBLIUS.

What means my Siſter?

HORATIA.

Thy Siſter! I diſclaim the impious Title;
Baſe and inhuman! Give me back my Huſband,
My Life, my Soul, my murdered CURIATIUS!

PUBLIUS.

He periſh'd for his Country.

HORATIA.

Gracious Gods,
Was't not enough that thou had'ſt murdered him,
But thou muſt triumph in thy Guilt, and wear
His bleeding Spoils?——O let me tear them from thee,
Drink the dear Drops that iſſued from his Wounds,
More dear to me than the whole Tide that ſwells
With impious Pride a hoſtile Brother's Heart.

HORATIUS.

Am I awake, or is it all Illuſion!
Was it for this thou cam'ſt?

PUBLIUS.

HORATIA, hear me.
Yet I am calm, and can forgive thy Folly;
Would I could call it by no harſher Name.
But do not tempt me farther.—Go, my Siſter,
Go hide thee from the World, nor let a *Roman*
Know with what Inſolence thou dar'ſt avow
Thy Infamy, or what is more my Shame
How tamely I forgave it.—Go, HORATIA.

Ho-

HORATIA.

I will not go.—What, have I touch'd thee then?
And can'ſt thou feel?—O think not thou ſhalt loſe
Thy ſhare of Anguiſh. I'll purſue thee ſtill,
Urge thee all Day with thy unnatural Crimes,
Tear, harrow up thy Breaſt: and then at Night
I'll be the Fury that ſhall haunt thy Dreams;
Wake thee with Shrieks, and place before thy Sight
Thy mangled Friends in all their Pomp of Horror.

PUBLIUS.

Away with her; 'tis womaniſh Complaining.
Think'ſt thou ſuch Trifles can alarm the Man
Whoſe nobleſt Paſſion is his Country's Love?
—Let it be thine, and learn to bear Affliction.

HORATIA.

Curſe on my Country's Love, the Trick ye teach us
To make us Slaves beneath the Maſk of Virtue;
To rob us of each ſoft endearing Senſe,
And violate the firſt, great Law within us.
I ſcorn the impious Paſſion.

PUBLIUS.

Have a Care;
Thou'ſt touch'd a String which may awake my Vengeance.

HORATIA. [*Aſide.*
Then it ſhall do it.

PUBLIUS.

O, if thou dar'ſt prophane
That ſacred Tie which winds about my Heart,
By Heaven I ſwear, by the great Gods who rule
The Fate of Empires, 'tis not this fond Weakneſs

Which

Which hangs upon me, and retards my Juſtice,
Nor even thy Sex, which ſhall protect thee from me.
[*Clapping his Hand on his Sword.*

HORATIUS.

Drag her away—thou'lt make me curſe thee, Girl——
Indeed ſhe's mad. [*To* PUBLIUS.

HORATIA.

Stand off, I am not mad—
Nay, draw thy Sword; I do defy thee, Murderer,
Barbarian, *Roman!*—Mad; the Name of *Rome*
Makes Madmen of you all; my Curſes on it.
I do deteſt its impious Policy.
Riſe, riſe ye States (O that my Voice could fire
Your tardy Wrath!) confound its ſelfiſh Greatneſs,
Raſe it's proud Walls, and lay its Towers in Aſhes!

PUBLIUS.

I'll bear no more— [*Drawing his Sword.*

HORATIUS.

Diſtraction!—Force her off—

HORATIA. [*Struggling.*

Could I but prove the *Helen* to deſtroy
This curs'd unſocial State, I'd die with Tranſport:
Gaze on the ſpreading Fires—'till the laſt Pile
Sunk in the Blaze—then mingle with its Ruins.

PUBLIUS.

Thou ſhalt not live to that.

HORATIUS.

Aſſiſt me, Friends—
Drag—tear her off.—O PUBLIUS—O my Son—
Spare, ſpare a Father! [*They force her off.*

PUB-

PUBLIUS. [*After a Pauſe.*

Let her avoid me then.—My whole Soul's mov'd,
And *Rome*'s immortal Genius ſtirs within me!
Yes, ye dread Powers, whoſe everlaſting Fires
Blaze on our Altars, and whoſe ſacred Shields
From Heaven deſcending guard imperial *Rome*,
I feel, I feel your Wrongs—for you I fought,
For you I bear the Sword.—Lead on my Friends.

[*Exit.*

HORATIUS. [*Looking at him as he goes out.*

How dreadful, yet how lovely is his Virtue!

[*Going after him.*

Enter VALERIUS *and two or three Servants.*

VALERIUS. [*Stopping* HORATIUS.

Saw you your Daughter, Sir?

HORATIUS.

Alas, VALERIUS,
I yet ſtand trembling on the Brink of Fate,
And ſcarce can think the dreadful Moment paſt.
She has been here, and with ſuch impious Outrage
Aſſail'd her Brother, that our utmoſt Force
Scarce ſav'd her from his Sword.

VALERIUS.

He could not ſure
Attempt her Life!

HORATIUS.

He did.

VALERIUS.

And could you bear
That Sight, my Lord?

Ho-

HORATIUS.

VALERIUS, aſk me not
What I could bear. I feel the Torment ſtill.
And dread to think what Miſchiefs had enſued
Had I like him been warm'd and deaf to Nature.

VALERIUS.

But ſhe is ſafe?

HORATIUS.

Yes, from the Sword ſhe is;
But mad as the *Cumæan* Maid ſhe raves,
And pours inceſſant Curſes on her Country.
Miſguided Girl!
But I can bear my Fate; the Hand of Heaven
Chaſtiſes thus my Inſolence of Joy,
I were too happy elſe!——Yet Art perhaps
May give her Eaſe, your Siſter will attend her.
I muſt not ſee her now; PUBLIUS will think
That I neglect him; every Pang I feel
Affronts his Virtue, and each idle Doubt
Is Treaſon to the State his Arm has ſaved.
O my divided Heart! [*Exit.*

VALERIUS.

PUBLIUS will think!
Then 'tis in *Rome*, it ſeems, become a Crime
Ev'n for the ſofter Sex to let their Anguiſh
Tranſport their Souls beyond the Bounds of Reaſon.
Our Heroes would new-mold Humanity;
And tie down Madneſs to the pedant Rules
Of dull Diſcretion.—Dar'd attempt her Life!
Let me not think on that. I will avoid him,
'Till I am calm again.—Go ſome of you
This Way, ſome that, and ſearch my Siſter out.

Say,

Say, If I meet her not, I ſhall return
And wait her here.—This Violence of Grief
Cannot laſt long and ſuch a Heart as hers
So form'd for Paſſion, ſo acceſſible
To tender Pains, may learn once more to prove
The pleaſing Tranſports of reviving Love.

The END of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter VALERIA *and a Servant.*

VALERIA. [*in Diſorder.*

REgard not me.—Did you not ſay, my Brother
Was here? Where is he?—Yet I know not why
I wiſh him here, but that my burſting Heart
May vent its Griefs, and find a Refuge for them.

SERVANT.

Madam, my Lord approaches.

Enter VALERIUS.

VALERIA.

O VALERIUS,
HORATIA, poor HORATIA's loſt for ever;
Her unrelenting Brother——

VALERIUS.

Deareſt Siſter,
Compoſe your Fears. She has eſcap'd his Rage.
But now I ſaw her Father, and his Care
Has ſav'd her from the Blow, and begs your Aid
To ſooth her tortur'd Mind.

VALERIA.

What ſays my Brother?
How ſav'd? alas, too ſure ſhe dies this Moment.
She had no Father there; theſe Eyes beheld
The fatal Stroke, and theſe ſad Arms receiv'd her.
Nor had I left her now but to obey
Her own Command, and by Intreaties force
Her cruel Brother to her.

VALERIUS. [*With Amazement.*

When was this?
Where was it?——Say, VALERIA—

VALERIA.

When I left you
To ſeek ſome diff'rent Way our hapleſs Charge,
Led by the Noiſe from Street to Street I ran,
And came at laſt where through the gather'd Crowd
I ſaw but could not reach her. Wild ſhe ſeem'd,
Struggling with all that would oppoſe her Paſſage,
And trying every Method to provoke
Her Brother's Fury: With dire Blaſphemies,
Which ſhock'd my trembling Soul, her Tongue profan'd
Each awful Name, and not a God eſcap'd
Her imprecating Rage.

VALERIUS.

Well, well, enough;
But come to him.

VALERIA.

Silent awhile he ſtood,
As the dead Calm before the Thunder rolls,
Nor anſwer'd to her Rage: Then, rous'd at once,
As if ſome Inſpiration touch'd his Soul,
His Boſom heav'd, he rais'd his Eyes to Heav'n,
Then burſt in Tears, and whilſt he wept he drove

The

The Poiniard to her Heart, and thus, he cried,
Thus periſh all the Enemies of *Rome!*

VALERIUS.

Thou ſeem'ſt to plead his Cauſe.

VALERIA.

Alas, my Brother,
I ſpeak but what I ſaw.

VALERIUS.

Where was her Father?

VALERIA.

I know not, but ſome Chance, they ſaid, detain'd him;
He ſcarce had left the Crowd, and thought her ſafe.

VALERIUS.

Scarce left the Crowd, and thought her ſafe?—O Gods,
'Twas I, 'twas I detain'd him; in that Moment
The horrid Deed was done.—Where are they now?

VALERIA.

I hope with her. She fear'd ſome fatal Violence,
And therefore beg'd me to intreat them to her.

VALERIUS.

And have you ſeen them? Are they Friends?

VALERIA.

O no,
I found them high in Wrath: The poor old Man
Torn with contending Paſſions threaten'd oft
Deſtruction on his Son, who with Diſdain
Laid bare his Breaſt, and bade him ſtrike the Blow.
The Patriot then took Place, and he would wiſh
He never had a Daughter. My Approach
Alarm'd them both; but PUBLIUS ſoon reſum'd
His wonted Firmneſs, bade her Father go
And mingle Tears with hers, he would not ſee her,

Nor dared pollute his Conqueſts with her Preſence.
Haſt thou no Heart, the Father cried, and look'd
Unutterable Sorrow; at which Sight
He yielded, and obey'd. I left them then
To ſeek you out.——My Brother, you regard not
What I have ſaid.—You hear me not.

VALERIUS.

VALERIA,
Revenge is buſy here. Yes, thou proud Chief,
In ſpite of all the Glories which ſurround thee,
I yet may cruſh thy Pride!

VALERIA.

You will not kill him?

VALERIUS.

Kill him, VALERIA!—'Tis no common Death
Which he ſhall die: I will have noble Vengeance.
The Thought delights my Soul! [*Going.*

VALERIA.

What Thought, my Brother?
Nay tell me, or you go not.—Stay at leaſt
'Till you hear more.—I feel HORATIA's Wrongs
As ſtrong as you.—— [*Exit* VALERIUS.
He's gone. Tho' my Heart bleeds
For my poor dying Friend, I muſt purſue him.
His fatal Raſhneſs may diſtreſs her more,
And bring freſh Sorrows on an aged Sire
Oppreſs'd too much already. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE the laſt.

A Room in HORATIUS's *Houſe.*

HORATIA *on a Couch, and Attendants.*

HORATIA.

Ceaſe, ceaſe your cruel Aid, ye ſhall not ſave me.
My utmoſt Wiſh is Death, and I will have it.

Enter HORATIUS *and* PUBLIUS.

Yet, let me thank you for this little Life
Your Art prolongs, 'till I have made my Peace,
And aſk'd Forgiveneſs here,

HORATIUS.

My Child, my Child!

HORATIA.

What means this Tenderneſs?——I thought to ſee you
Inflamed with Rage againſt a worthleſs Wretch,
Who has diſhonour'd your illuſtrious Race,
And ſtain'd its brighteſt Fame. In Pity look not
Thus kindly on me. O behold me, Sir,
With that ſtern Aſpect my wrong'd Brother wears,
And I may then ſupport this dreadful Parting:
For I have injur'd you.

HORATIUS.

Thou has not, Girl;
I ſaid, 'twas Madneſs; but he would not hear me.

HORATIA.

O wrong him not, his Act was noble Juſtice.
I forc'd him to the Deed: For know, my Father,
It was not Madneſs, but the firm Reſult
Of ſettled Reaſon, and deliberate Thought.

I was reſolved on Death, and witneſs Heaven,
I'd not have died by any Hand but his
For the whole round of Fame his Worth ſhall boaſt
Thro' future Ages. Nought but this, my Father,
Could reconcile us; I forgive him now
The Death of CURIATIUS; this laſt Blow
Has cancell'd that, and he's once more my Brother.

HORATIUS.

What haſt thou ſaid? Were't thou ſo bent on Death?
Was all thy Rage diſſembled?

HORATIA.

All, my Father,
All but my Love was falſe; what that inſpired
I utter'd freely, and ſtill hate the Cauſe
Which has undone us, tho' I know 'twas Virtue.
But for the reſt, the Curſes which I pour'd
On Heav'n-defended *Rome*, were merely Lures
To tempt his Rage, and perfect my Deſtruction.
Heav'n! with what Tranſport I beheld him mov'd,
How my Heart leap'd to meet the welcome Point,
And leave its Sorrows there!

HORATIUS.

Unkind HORATIA!
Had'ſt thou no Pity on thy Father's Age?
Could'ſt thou to eaſe thy Griefs abandon his,
And leave him Childleſs.

HORATIA.

Childleſs? gracious Powers,
Can he be Childleſs from whoſe happy Loins
Rome's great Deliverer ſprung, and ſtill ſurvives
To bleſs and cheriſh him.

Ho-

HORATIUS.

He does indeed,
And I'm aſham'd to think how I neglect him.——
Forgive me, Boy; ſhe has unman'd my Virtue.
Yet can I ſee her thus, and not remember
Her thouſand little tender Arts, which ſooth'd
The Cares of Age, and led me gently through
The Evening of my Days?

HORATIA.

Forget them, Sir,
They all are nothing now; this laſt dire Act
May juſtly ſhut me from your Breaſt for ever.
Turn, turn to him; there blooms the kind Support
Of your remaining Life. What tho' he bends
His ſtern Regards on me, who have deſerv'd them?
He is by Nature gentle, mild, and loving,
Will greatly pity your deſerted State,
And pay a double Duty.

HORATIUS.

Wherefore then
Would'ſt thou provoke his Rage, and make me look
With Horror on him?

HORATIA.

'Tis on me, not him,
That thou ſhould'ſt look with Horror; 'twas my Act,
Not his.——

HORATIUS.

O fooliſh Nature, how it ſtruggles here
Againſt the force of Reaſon!—Save me, Boy,
From the dire Conflict: when I look this way, [*To his Son.*
'Tis Reaſon's Triumph; Juſtice ſanctifies
Paternal Love, and Glory crowns the whole.

But when I turn to her, I feel my Strength
Again relapſe, and ſcarce can bleſs the Hand
Which ſav'd my Country.

HORATIA.

Then, there's nought remains,
But thus to rid you of the only Clog, [*Tearing off her*
Which keeps Affection from its proper Sphere, *Bandages.*
And ſhackles Coward Virtue.—But forgive me!

PUBLIUS.

My Siſter, ſtay; I charge thee live, HORATIA,
O thou haſt planted Daggers here!

HORATIA.

My Brother!
Can you forgive me too? then I am happy.
I dared not hope for that. Ye gentle Ghoſts
That rove Elyſium, hear the ſacred Sound!
My Father and my Brother both forgive me!
I have again their Sanction on my Love.
O let me haſten to thoſe happier Climes
Where unmoleſted we may ſhare our Joys,
Nor *Rome*, nor *Alba*, ſhall diſturb us more!

Enter VALERIA. [*In a Fright.*

O Sir, O my HORATIA—yet thou liveſt,
And may'ſt recover all.

HORATIUS.

What mean you, Lady?

VALERIA.

All *Rome*, my Lord, has ta'en th' Alarm, and Crowds
Of Citizens enrag'd are poſting hither
To call for Juſtice on HORATIUS' Head.

HORATIA.

For what?

VA-

VALERIA.

For thee.

HORATIA.

O Heavens! why Numbers of them
Beheld his Provocation.

VALERIA.

True they did;
But my unhappy Brother—

HORATIUS.

What of him?

VALERIA.

Alas he loved HORATIA, and her Loſs
Has urg'd him to this Frenzy.

HORATIUS.

What of him?
Does he arraign my Son?

VALERIA.

He leads the Crowd,
And, as he pleaſes, ſways their giddy Minds:
Paints the dire Tale in all its Pomp of Sadneſs,
And wakes Compaſſion by each varied Art
Of winning Eloquence. Around the King
They preſs in thouſands; his Authority,
Tho' aided with ſtrict Promiſes of Juſtice,
Can ſcarcely calm their agitated Minds.
—But ſhe ſhall live, and all be well again.

[*Turning tenderly toward* HORATIA.

HORATIA.

O no, it cannot be—deteſted Parricide!
Could'ſt thou not die without the added Guilt
Of murdering all thy Race?—O Sir—O Brother!

Can

Can ye behold me now, and not recall
Your kind Forgiveneſs?—Can ye—will ye?—Speak!
—But do not curſe me, Sir!
—Yet why, my Father,
Why ſtand you thus amaz'd? The Laws are yours;
What Right can they pretend, ungrateful Men?
Has not a *Roman* Father Power to take
The Lives of all his Children?—He but acted
By your Command—O take the Deed on you!

PUBLIUS.

My Siſter ſtay, and you, my Father, hear me.
I'll end this Strife, and die ſince they require it.
Heaven knows how willingly!
But let not Ignominy ſtain my Wreaths,
Let me not fall a public Spectacle
Dragg'd like a Criminal to Juſtice. No,
My Father, ſave me from that dreadful Scene,
Aſſume the generous Right the Laws allow you,
And take this forfeit Life with Honour from me.
[*Offering him his Sword.*

HORATIUS.

True, and it ſhall be ſo. Yes, yes, my Children,
We'll die together.

HORATIA. [*Riſing from the Couch.*

O forbear, forbear!—
Was this Pang wanting to compleat my Fate!
In Pity to yourſelves, to the dear Honour
Of your unſpotted Names!—O blind old Man
Dareſt thou lift up thy ſacrilegious Hand
Againſt the Chief, the God that ſaved thy Country.
[*A Noiſe without.*
Alas they're here—help me, I die—O now
My Father, now exert thy utmoſt Force With

With them, and ſhew thyſelf indeed a *Roman*;
Not with thy Sword.

1ſt CITIZEN. [*Without.*

We muſt not be denied.

2d CITIZEN.

We will have Juſtice.

VALERIUS.

We demand HORATIUS.

HORATIA.

Would I could live!—it will not be—

HORATIUS.

My Daughter!

HORATIA.

Regard not me—There, there employ thy Power.
'Tis my laſt Prayer—VALERIA, I adjure thee
By the juſt Gods, proclaim him innocent—
They'll think my Father partial—O remember
Remember, dear VALERIA—Brother—Father! [*Dies.*

VALERIA.

She's gone, ſhe's dead!

PUBLIUS.

Then Fate has done it's worſt.
Where are theſe Citizens?

HORATIUS.

VALERIA,
PUBLIUS, look there—look yonder—what a Sight!
Is it for this we wiſh for Length of Days!—
O my poor bleeding Boys, how much I envy
Your happier Lot! [*Noiſe without.*

Enter TULLUS, VALERIUS, *and* CITIZENS.

VALERIUS.

See! Fellow Citizens, ſee where ſhe lies
The bleeding Victim—

TUL-

TULLUS.

Stop, unmanner'd Youth!
Think'ſt thou we know not wherefore we are here?—
Seeſt thou yon drooping Sire?

HORATIUS. [*Turning haſtily towards them.*

Permit them, Sir.

TULLUS.

What can he mean? Some other time, HORATIUS.

HORATIUS.

O no, this Inſtant.

1ſt CITIZEN.

He ſeems eager for it.
He ſides with us.

TULLUS.

Well, be it ſo. I know not
What he intends; but if he meets my Wiſhes,
His ſtrong unlabour'd Eloquence of Grief
May move them more than Reaſon's ſubtleſt Force.
What would ye, *Romans*?

VALERIUS.

We are come, dread Sir,
In the behalf of murdered Innocence
Murdered by him, the Man—

HORATIUS.

Whoſe conquering Arm
Has ſaved you all from Ruin. O Shame, Shame!
Has *Rome* no Gratitude? Do ye not bluſh
To think whom your inſatiate Rage purſues?
Down, down, and worſhip him.

1ſt CITIZEN.

Does he plead for him?

2d CITIZEN.

Does he forgive his Daughter's Death?

HORATIUS.

He does.

And glories in it, glories in the Thought
That there's one *Roman* left who dares be grateful.
If you are wrong'd, then what am I? Muſt I
Be taught my Duty by th' affected Tears
Of Strangers to my Blood? Had I been wrong'd
I know a Father's Right, and had not aſk'd
This ready talking Sir to bellow for me,
And mouth my Wrongs in *Rome*.

VALERIUS.

Friends, Countrymen,
Regard him not, his Griefs have hurt his Reaſon.
'Tis true that PUBLIUS has preſerv'd his Country;
But muſt one glorious Act exalt him quite
Beyond all Laws, and give a boundleſs Scope
To his o'erweening Cruelty? ere long
He'll claim a privilege to murder all
Who dare oppoſe his Will; and when his Sword
Has ſpread with mangled Carcaſes your Streets,
He'll tell you 'twas that Sword which ſaved his Country.

HORATIUS.

Injurious Youth: That Sword which ſaved his Country
Was never drawn but in his Country's Service.
Some of you muſt remember, you I'm ſure
SERVILIUS you were there, and muſt remember
With what dire Curſes this unhappy Girl—
I will not call her mine—purſu'd us all,
And dar'd inſult the Majeſty of *Rome*.

1ſt CITIZEN.

Yes, yes we all remember.

HORATIUS.

'Twas for that,
For that he kill'd her; 'twas not him ſhe injur'd,
'Twas in your Cauſe he kill'd her, not his own;
And muſt he die for that? if 'tis a Crime
To vindicate your Honour, he indeed
Has been moſt guilty; 'twas for that he Fought,
For that he kill'd his Friends the *Curiatii*;
If that's a Crime, O let him die for that,
Not for his Juſtice on a guilty Girl,
And he ſhall fall contented.

VALERIUS.

Guilty Girl?
How guilty? Madneſs has a Privilege
To talk unpuniſh'd, and was ne'er till now
Arraign'd ſeverely.

HORATIUS.

Mad? She was not mad;
Believe me, Friends, ſhe own'd it ere ſhe died,
Confeſs'd ſhe did it to provoke his Vengeance
Deliberately guilty.

VALERIUS.

Citizens,
Friends, Countrymen, regard not what he ſays.
Stop, ſtop your Ears, nor hear a frantic Father
Thus plead againſt his Child.

HORATIUS.

He does belie me,
What Child have I?—Alas, I have but One,
And him ye would tear from me.

All CITIZENS.

Hear him, hear him!

PUBLIUS.

No, let me ſpeak. Think'ſt thou, ungenerous Youth,
To hurt my Quiet?——I am hurt beyond
Thy Power to harm me. Death's extremeſt Tortures
Were Happineſs to what I feel.——Yet know
My injur'd Honour bids me live, nay more,
It bids me even deſcend to plead for Life.
——But wherefore waſte I Words. 'Tis not to him
But you, my Countrymen, to you I ſpeak,
He lov'd the Maid.

CITIZENS.

How, loved her?

HORATIUS.

Fondly loved her,
And under Show of public Juſtice ſcreens
A private Paſſion, and a mean Revenge.

[VALERIUS *ſeems confounded and goes to his Siſter.*

Think ye I loved her not? high Heaven's my Witneſs
How tenderly I loved her, and the Pangs
I feel this Moment, could you ſee my Heart,
Would prove too plainly I am ſtill her Father.
You'll ſay I love him too. I glory in it.
But 'tis not for myſelf, my Dregs of Life
Will ſoon be ſpent, 'tis for my Country's Service
I would preſerve her Champion. 'Tis not me
Whom you ſhould pity, 'tis yourſelves, your Wives,
Your tender little Ones;——for moſt of you
Are Fathers too.——O think, the Time may come,
When you again ſhall want his Sword, and find
Perhaps an hoſtile Ear as deaf to Mercy
As I have found——But I forget myſelf,
You are all *Romans*, and what you decree
However hard is juſt.

1ſt CITIZEN.

He ſhall be ſaved.

VALERIUS has miſled us.

ALL.

Save him, ſave him!

HORATIUS.

I thank you, Friends.

VALERIUS.

What mean ye, would ye ſave
A Murderer from Death?—I'll not be held, [*To his Siſter.*
It was no Crime to love her, I will ſpeak.
——If Juſtice moves you not, yet dread th' Event.
Fear ye not Heaven and the avenging Gods
Who gave him up to Shame, and urg'd him on
To ſtain his Conqueſts with a Siſter's Blood.——

HORATIUS.

Away, away; is he the firſt whoſe Arm
Was ſtained with Kindred Blood? and dar'ſt thou talk
In *Rome* thus idly? What's our Founder then,
If he's a Murderer? Heaven approved the Death
Of *Remus*, as deliberate as this,——

TULLUS.

Enough, enough!
With Reverence ſpeak we of thoſe mighty Names
Which ſtand enroll'd above. All Acts of Blood
Muſt not be deem'd as Murders. 'Tis the Intent
And not the Action conſtitutes the Crime.
My Friends, and Fellow Citizens, I praiſe
That Zeal for Juſtice in you, which permits not
The Blaze of Fame, or Gratitude itſelf

For

For Actions which might move inferior Minds,
To blind or weaken its determin'd Force.
Tho' here perchance it err. Behold this Youth
So late your Glory, with what conſcious Shame
He ſees himſelf reduced for one raſh Act,
The Crime of Virtue, to ſolicit here
A Life which he contemns. He loved the Maid
With a fond Brother's Love; and had he felt
No nobler Paſſion, ſhe had ſtill ſurvived.
That other Paſſion was his Love of you.
Say, ſhall he die for that? For 'tis to you
He makes his laſt Appeal.
Or grant it were a Crime, the worſt of Crimes,
You might with Ardor ſeize the happy Power
Which Fortune now allows you. Could you elſe
Have rais'd your Gratitude to his Deſert?
Fate ſeems to have found out this only Means
By which you could reward him. Life for Life
You may return him now, for Freedom, Freedom.

1ſt CITIZEN.

We did declare him free, but this VALERIUS
Would interrupt our Will.

2d CITIZEN.

Rome glories in him!

TULLUS.

Or turn this Way, if yet a Doubt remains.
Behold that virtuous Father, who could boaſt
This very Morn a numerous Progeny,
The dear Supports of his declining Age.
Then read the ſad Reverſe with pitying Eyes,
And tell your conſcious Hearts they fell for you.

HORATIUS.

I am o'erpaid by that, nor claim I ought
On their Accounts; for by high Heaven I ſwear
I'd rather ſee him added to the Heap
Than *Rome* enſlaved.

1ſt CITIZEN.

O excellent HORATIUS!

2d CITIZEN.

O worthy Father!

3d CITIZEN.

Were he ten Times guilty,
The Son of ſuch a Sire might paſs unpuniſh'd,

TULLUS.

Then I pronounce him free. And now, HORATIUS,
The Evening of thy ſtormy Day at laſt
Shall cloſe in Peace. Here, take him to thy Breaſt.

HORATIUS.

My Son, my Conqueror!—'Twas a fatal Stroke,
But ſhall not wound our Peace. This kind Embrace
Shall ſpread a ſweet Oblivion o'er our Sorrows:
Of if in After-times, tho' 'tis not long
That I ſhall trouble you, ſome ſad Remembrance
Should ſteal a Sigh, and peeviſh Age forget
Its Reſolution, only boldly ſay
Thou ſaved'ſt the State, and I'll intreat Forgiveneſs.

TULLUS.

VALERIUS too muſt be your Friend again.
But that we leave to Time. The preſent Hour
Muſt be employ'd to expiate his Offence.
Be that thy Care, HORATIUS; that the Gods
May bleſs To-morrow's Rites, and gracious hear
Our Hymns of Praiſe for Liberty reſtor'd.

Learn

Learn hence, ye *Romans*, on how ſure a Baſe
The Patriot builds his Happineſs; no Stroke,
No keeneſt, deadlieſt, Shaft of adverſe Fate
Can make his generous Boſom quite deſpair,
But that alone by which his Country falls.
Grief may to Grief in endleſs Round ſucceed,
And Nature ſuffer when our Children bleed:
Yet ſtill ſuperior muſt that Hero prove,
Whoſe firſt, beſt Paſſion is his COUNTRY's LOVE.

EPILOGUE, ſpoken by Mrs. *Pritchard*.

LADIES, by me our courteous Author ſends
His Compliments to all his Female Friends:
And thanks them from his Soul for every bright
Indulgent Tear, which they have ſhed To-night.
Sorrow in Virtue's Cauſe proclaims a MIND,
And gives to Beauty Graces more refin'd.
O who could bear the loveliеſt Form of Art,
A Cherub's Face, without a feeling Heart!
'Tis there alone, whatever Charms we boaſt,
Tho' Men may flatter, and tho' Men will toaſt,
'Tis there alone they find the Joy ſincere,
The Wife, the Parent, and the Friend are there.
All elſe, the verieſt Rakes themſelves muſt own,
Are but the paltry Play-things of the Town;

The

The painted Clouds, which glittering tempt the Chace,
Then melt in Air, and mock the vain Embrace.
Well then; the private Virtues, 'tis confeſt,
Are the ſoft Inmates of the Female Breaſt.
But then, they fill ſo full that crouded Space,
That the poor Public ſeldom finds a Place.
And I ſuſpect there's many a Fair-one here,
Who pour'd her Sorrows on HORATIA's *Bier,*
That ſtill retains ſo much of Fleſh and Blood,
She'd fairly hang the Brother, if ſhe could.
Why, Ladies, to be ſure, if that be all,
At your Tribunal he muſt ſtand or fall.
Whate'er his Country, or his Sire decreed,
You are his Judges now, and he muſt plead.
Like other Culprit Youths, he wanted Grace;
But could have no Self-intereſt in the Caſe.
Had ſhe been Wife, or Miſtreſs, or a Friend,
It might have anſwered ſome convenient End:
But a mere Siſter, whom he lov'd—to take
Her Life away,—and for his Country's Sake!
Faith, Ladies, you may pardon him; indeed
There's very little Fear the Crime ſhould ſpread.
True Patriots are but rare among the Men,
And really might be uſeful, now and then.
Then do not check, by your Diſapprobation,
A Spirit which once rul'd the Britiſh *Nation,*
And ſtill might rule—would you but ſet the Faſhion.

The END.